In Recital

Jessica Heine, soprano

assisted by
Janna Olson, piano

Wednesday, April 14, 2004 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Susanne (Cinquiéme Cantate, à voix seule)	Elisabeth-Claude Jacquet de la Guerre (1665-1729)
Das Veilchen Was weinst du, Blümlein Liebst du um Schönheit Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
From *Andre Chenier 'La mamma morta'*	Umberto Giordano (1867-1948)
Elle et moi Chanson d'Amour Dansons la Gigue	Mrs H H A Beach (1867-1944) Poldowski (Irene Wieniawska Paul) (1880-1932)

Intermission

Das Blümlein Flüstern, anthemscheues Lauschen Die Beschwörung	Pauline Viardot Garcia (1821-1910)
Songs of north I- Seasons of the North II- September Nativity III- Vows and Seasons IV- The Ending of Snow's Dominion V- O Kingdom of Summer	Violet Archer (1913-2000)
It's Me, O Lord	Traditional arr Betty Jackson King (1928-1994)
He's Got the Whole World in His Hand	Traditional arr Margaret Bonds (1913-1972)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Heine.

Translations

Susanne
Recitatif
Because of the heat Susanne was enjoying the cool, clear water, and hidden from her view were two old men aroused by desire for her beauty.

Air
Foolish youths, don't think that old age will be a help against love's temptations. The one who is led by love in his youthful spring will be dragging love's chain until his last years.

Recitatif
Susanne's beauties arouse their boldness. These odious lovers dare to show themselves. Their ardor, along with a threat, startles her.

Air
"Give in, you must surrender to our ardent desire. How could you refuse the most charming pleasures. Relieve our desires, or from this very day you must fear a hatred equal to our love."

Recitatif
To overcome her steadfast virtue they accuse her of a criminal desire punishable by death under the law. This is the skillful trap their passion uses. Inhuman men, is this how you lay claim to your pleasures? Susanne, what a peril! What will you do? Will you surrender to their passion to avoid death?

Recitatif mésur
"No," says the constant-hearted heroine, "you can make me perish, but if I have to die, it will be as an innocent."

Air
May the same fervor inspire our hearts. An innocent heart doesn't fear anything. No, for each day is only a blessing if it can be enjoyed without committing a crime.

Text by André de la Motte
Translated by Valerie M. McIntosh

Das Veilchen (The Violet)
A violet in a meadow stood,
but bent he was and quite unknown;
he was a charming violet.
There came now a youthful shepherdess
with lightest step and merry heart
along, along
the meadow there, and sang.
"Ah!" thought the violet, "if I were
the fairest blossom in the world,
ah, just a tiny moment,
until the darling plucked me out

Das Veilchen (The Violet), cont'd
and on her bosom gently pressed!
Just once, just once
a quarter-hour long!"
Alas! alas! the maiden came
and not a glance the violet gave,
she tread upon poor Violet.
He sank and died but happy yet:
"I'm dying now but dying thus
through her, through her,
and at her feet I die."

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Was weinst du, Blümlein (Why weep, dear blossom)
Why weep, dear blossom, in morning sun?
The blossom giggled: "Now what a thought!
I am but joyful, I do not weep -
and joyful tears in my eyes well up."

You morning heavens, are red as blood,
as if your sun in ocean were lying dead.
The laughing heavens called out to me:
"I sprinkle but roses upon its path!"

With radiant flaming the sun shone forth,
the flowers blossomed cheerfully up.
The brooklets gurgled joyful on,
and the sun thus laughed its warm-hearted laugh.

Text by Hermann Rollett

Liebst du um Schönheit (If you love for beauty)
If you love for beauty,
oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
she has golden hair!
If you love for youth,
oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
it is young every year!
If you love for treasure,
oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
she has many clear pearls!
If you love for love,
oh yes, do love me!
love me ever,
I'll love you evermore!

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag (This is a day for singing songs)
This is a day for singing songs -
the quail in the grain field trills,
the lark rejoicing jubilates
all over verdant bright green hedge,
the hunter blows his horn.
Dame Nightingale calls sweetest sounds
through leaves a whisper goes,
the echo answers in return,
it rings and sings all everywhere
this is a song of spring.

Text by Hermann Rollett

La mamma morta (They Killed my Mother)
"They killed my mother in the doorway of my room; She
died saving me!
Later, at dead of night, I wandered about with Bersi,
when suddenly
a livid glow flickers
and lights ahead of me the dark street! I looked at it! My
childhood home
was ablaze!
I was alone,
and surrounded by nothingness!
Hunger and poverty,
deprivation and danger.
I became ill,
and Bersi, so good and pure
traded her beauty
for my sake!
I bring misfortune to all who love me.
It was then, in my misery,
that love came to me!
And murmured in a sweet, melodious voice:
"You must live ! I am life itself!"
Heaven is in my eyes!
You are not alone!
Let your tears fall on my breast!
I will walk with you and be your support!

La mamma morta (They Killed my Mother), cont'd
Smile and hope! I am love!
Is all around you blood and mire?
I am divine! I can make you forget!
I am the god who descends to earth
from the empyrean and makes this world
A paradise! Ah!
I am love, love, love"
the angel approaches, kisses me,
and in that kiss is death!
The body is my body.
Take it then!
I am already dead like it!

Libretto by Luigi Illica
Translated by Carlos Bardera

Elle et moi (Her and I)
The spring of a thousand colors,
The enticing flame with its lively spark,
The tree of the fields with its white flowers and sweet odors,
This is her,
Ah! This is Her!

The swallow that flies in front of spring,
The kid that attaches itself to the tree of the fields,
Ah! Attracted by its blossom, its beautiful blossom,
Ah! The butterfly that without fear of the flame will burn his wing,
Ah! This is me.

Text by Félix Bovet

Chanson d'Amour (A Song of Love)
The dawn is born, and your door is shut!
My dear, why do you sleep?
At the hour when the rose wakes
Are you not going to get up?

O, my charming one,
Listen here,
The lover who sings
And weeps as well!

All things knock at your blessed door
The dawn says: I am the day!
The bird says: I am harmony!
And my heart says: I am love!

O, my charming one,
Listen here,
The lover who sings
And weeps as well!

Chanson d'Amour (A Song of Love), cont'd
I adore you, my angel, and love you, my woman.
Only for you has God completed me
He has made my love for your soul,
And my glance for your beauty!

O, my charming one,
Listen here,
The lover who sings
And weeps as well!

Text by Vicomte Victor Marie Hugo
Translation by Thomas Dawkins

Dansons la Gigue (Let's dance a jig)
Let's dance a jig!

I loved above all her pretty eyes
brighter than the stars in the skies,
I loved her malicious eyes likewise.

Let's dance a jig!

She for sure, she knew the art
of breaking a poor lover's heart,
how charmingly she played the part.

Let's dance a jig!

But I find that it's even better
that kiss of her mouth in flower
now, in my heart, she's a dead letter.

Let's dance a jig!

I recall, oh I recall
the hours, the words we let fall,
and this is the very best of all.

Let's dance a jig!

Text by Paul Verlaine
Translated by AS Kline

Das Blümlein (The Little Flower)
I see a little flower lying in the book,
Forgotten, scentless, and faded;
Thoughts strangely come to me,
Like a glance into the soul.

Where did it bloom? When and how long?
Who picked it? Why so moved?
In what spring, on what hillside?
Why was it laid here?

As an emblem of a pleasing moment?
As a token of a sorrowful parting?
Or of the blessed passing
Into the dark wood, into the still valley?

Does he still live? Is she still living today?
Where do they tarry through this time?
Or are they death's booty
Withered as this flower is?

Text by Pushkin

Flüstern, anthemscheues Lauschen
(Whispers, Breathless Listening)
Whispers, breathless listening,
Nightingale's call,
Silver gleam, the brooklet's murmur,
Dreamy in the grove,

Light of the night and nocturnal darkness,
Shadows all around,
Lovely eyes glow with passion:
Heart, what more could you want?

From the clouds roses bloom
And in the grove glow
Blissful tears, sweet caresses,
And the day! the day!

Text by Feth

Die Beschwörung (The Entreaty)
Oh, if it is true, that in the night,
When all who live are lulled in sleep,
And only the moonlight's pale splendor
Moves around the tombstones,
Oh, if it is true, that the dead leave
The graves empty,
I wait to embrace you.
Hear me, Leila! Come here! Come here!
Appear from your shadowy realm,
Just as you were before our parting,
As in that cold winter's day,
Your countenance disfigured with pain,
O come here, a distant star,
O come, a breath, a soft sound,
Or in fearful beauty,
It is the same to me, come here, come here!

I do not call Leila here
To discover the secret of the grave,
Nor to reproach
Those who murdered my love,
Nor, though oppressive
Doubts torture me…No, only to say
That loyally still my heart beats,
And still it beats…Come here! Come here!

Text by Pushkin
Translations by Catherine Sentman Anderson

Upcoming Events

April
28 Wednesday, 5:00 pm
Hear's to your Health Concert Series
Guest artist **Marina Hoover**
(former cellist of the
St. Lawrence String Quartet)
with
Martin Riseley, violin
Patricia Tao, piano
Barber *Sonata for cello and piano*
Beethoven's *"Archduke" Trio*
Foyer, Bernard Snell Hall
Walter Mackenzie Health
Sciences Centre
Free admission

May
15 Saturday, Time: 4:30 pm
Double Bass Masterclass
with Visiting Artist **Edgar Meyer**
Winspear Centre Rehearsal Hall
General admission: $15 at the door
Fo more information please call,
440-2486

22 Saturday, 8:00 pm
Alexandra Munn, piano
with **Frank Ho, violin**
Admission: $15/adult, $10/student/senior
For tickets and more information,
please call 433-4010

department of Music

Please donate to Campus Food Bank

Unless otherwise indicated
Admission: $5/student/senior, $10/adult
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice.
Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).